

THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



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THE PURITAN—MACMONNIES.

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The First Thanksgiving Day.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

In Puritan New England a year had passed away
Since first beside the Plymouth coast the
English "Mayflower" lay,
When Bradford, the good governor, sent
fowlers forth to snare
The turkey and the wild-fowl, to increase the
scanty fare.

"Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts, by
whom we all are fed,
Who granted us our daily prayer, 'Give us
our daily bread.'
By us and by our children let this day be
kept for aye,
In memory of His bounty, as the land's
Thanksgiving Day."

Each brought his share of Indian meal the
pious feast to make,
With the fat deer from the forest and the
wild-fowl from the brake.
And chanted hymn and prayer were raised,
though eyes with tears were dim,—
"The Lord he hath remembered us, let us
remember him!"

From Plymouth to the Golden Gate to-day
their children tread;
The mercies of that bounteous Hand upon
the land are shed;
The "flocks are on a thousand hills," the
prairies wave with grain,
The cities spring like mushrooms now where
once was desert plain.

Heap high the board with plenteous cheer
and gather to the feast,
And toast that sturdy Pilgrim band whose
courage never ceased.
Give praise to that All-gracious One by
whom their steps were led,
And thanks unto the harvest's Lord who
sends our "daily bread."

Our American Holidays.

For The Beacon.

An Alaska Thanksgiving Turkey.

BY ETHEL FLORENCE MILLARD.

The Alaska of to-day is luxurious compared
to what it was when father first took charge
of the fort at Sitka in seventy-five. Chief
Wolf-cry-in-the-night had changed his calling-
card to "Wolf-kill-in-the-night," so we chil-
dren were never allowed to stray beyond the
little stockade. Often we gazed longingly
through the two narrow openings of the fort,

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;

To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

guarded by Gatling guns, to the luxuriant vegetation beyond, and envied the stocky, dirty little half-breeds playing in the sunshine.

There is no spring or fall in Alaska,—in a night dancing summer gives place to winter, terrible in its vast silence, a quiet that ever calls one back to the North,—a quiet so full of meaning that even now my soul longs for those far white mountains and impenetrable swaying forests.

"Shall we be home for Thanksgiving?" inquired Bobby, trustingly, as he climbed into mother's lap. The snow was piling high on the stockade wall, filling in the spaces between the sharp pickets which were intended to deter any Indian visitor audacious enough to enter in such manner. We seemed more shut in than ever.

"No, dear," replied mother, "but Thanksgiving is coming to us. I sent down by the 'Oregon' last month for three turkeys. We'll have one at Thanksgiving, one at Christmas, and the other—well, for a great occasion."

"Like a court-martial or a pay-master coming?" asked Bobby. Poor little soul! Such were his ideas of army festivity.

When the "Oregon" arrived, the month-old mail was unnoticed, so eager were we to see the fat, bronzed turkeys. Two sad-eyed, three-pound birds greeted us. The third had been buried at sea after a severe attack of *mal-de-mer*. We bore up bravely, all save the baby, who wailed, whether from disappointment or sympathy with the discouraged-looking little travelers we could not tell.

"We'll fatten them up," whispered mother huskily. "Anyway, they're much better than canned salmon or commissariat beef." Tenderly she carried the invalids home, but one soon flew to the Happy Hunting Grounds where there are no Thanksgivings.

Little by little the last bird responded to the dainties we saved for him, though the iron of his sad experiences had entered his soul and his one joy seemed to be to run away when we called him. Nevertheless, "I won't" became a great pet. The baby, who had been very delicate, was so neglected for our new treasure that she grew strong and husky as the round-faced papposes.

When the news came that we were to move to Wrangel, the one question was, "How will 'I won't' stand the trip?" He already weighed five pounds, and we hoped to make a Christmas turkey out of him. Father was elected to the honor of holding him during the entire voyage, as having the steadiest lap.

"How shall I look before my soldiers," he blustered, "holding a fool bird?" But family persuasion prevailed, and the general passed the trip secreted in his state-room, soothing an indignant turkey.

Our stockade at Wrangel had but one entrance, giving on to the sea. From the narrow aperture we could view the great La Conte Glacier on the mainland opposite. Have you ever seen a glacier? "Ice is ice," you may respond. So it is indeed, and dead or non-moving glaciers ever present the same dull, white, meaningless face, but this great frozen sea shows miles of castellated silvered light, varying from delicate green to emerald, from pale blue to deepest sapphire, while at sunset it turns into one vast rosy opal.

"I won't" seemed to thrive on island life. Truly, no bird ever had more attention. We set traps for the coyotes that his rest might not be disturbed, and vied with each other

in cramming the choicest of our own food down his ever-ready throat.

Washington's Birthday was selected for the "Great Occasion." As we viewed him hanging in state on the back porch on the eve of the holiday, we decided that "I won't" was a credit to the Father of his Country. Mother had made ice-cream from some treasured oranges that had traveled across the frozen bay by dog-team from Sitka. With a real night-before-Christmas feeling we children climbed into bed, to be awakened early the next morning by a frantic squeal from Dumb, the Chinese cook.

"Turkey gone, missie, him take ice-cream, too," wailed the Oriental. It was all too true. How we could not guess, but "I won't" and the ice-cream had eloped in the night!

To us children the blow was unbearable. To console us, later in the day mother suggested that we call on a tribe of friendly Indians on the island. We walked through the hemlock woods, jewelled with myriads of tiny icicles, to the squalid clearing where twenty bee-shaped houses were grouped. Babies, Siwash dogs, and dirt everywhere. We climbed a ladder up the side of the earth-and-log house of Chief Wind-from-the-North until we reached the hole in the roof which served as smoke-stack and front door. Groping down another rickety ladder, we found ourselves in the presence of twelve braves, five squaws, and numerous children, all huddled on the earthen floor around a tiny fire in a room not fifteen feet square.

Mrs. Wind-from-the-North was short and fat. She wore a pink wrapper, very, very pink, o'ertopped by a Chinook blanket, canary in tone, with emblems of her family, a whale and a raven, woven in black. Like a countess, her pedigree was ever with her. Her face was painted black, and the red tattooing, sewn into cheeks and chin, gave her an unusual expression. We learned afterwards, however, that she was considered quite ravishing. Six ear-rings studded each ear, to say nothing of the gorgeous hoop depending from her nose and the ivory piece hanging from her lower lip. As she rose to greet us, something pathetically like a turkey's claw dragged from the ruffle of the pink wrapper. Did the smoke deceive us, or was it, *was it* the claw of our pet?

Mother leaned forward, breathing rapidly. Then she straightened herself, and, with a look to us children that we knew meant "army discipline," she concluded the call as though nothing had happened.

Once in the hemlock woods again, her indignation broke. Bobby strode up manfully, and waved the turkey's claw in her face.

"Here," he cried, "don't feel bad. I was saving it for dinner, but you shall have it now."

November.

What though November's winds be chill,

What though her skies be gray,

She brings to us a time of cheer,

Our bright Thanksgiving Day.

'Tis then we lift our hearts in thanks

To Him whose loving care

Has compassed us another year

And made our harvest fair.

And, as we gather round the board

Where plenty reigns, I ween

'Tis then we vote of all the months

November is the queen.

Primary Education.

For The Beacon.

Snap Haley's Victory.

BY "JAC" LOWELL.

Part II.

Bertie Rivers had thrown off his sweater, and Snap noticed that the slim arms looked like solid muscle. A second later, when the first rush began, Snap felt one of those arms against his own. It felt just as solid as it looked. And the arm was very much alive. So was the other arm. So was the whole of Bertie Rivers. Snap immediately realized that his opponent was far from a plaything. He was a player who knew the game, and knew how to play it. The harder Snap worked, the harder his rival worked. They were an even match.

As the game progressed, Snap saw that the other members of the Walk Over team were also capable players.

"Tire them out," he signalled to his team mates, "then we'll have things to ourselves in the second half."

So the Top Notch boys set a swifter pace, and, when the whistle blew, a hot and puffing throng staggered into the dressing-room.

Snap's players had not only tired out their contestants. They had tired themselves out, too, and, when the second half began, the only strong-looking players on the floor were the two who had tried to save their energy for the final,—Snap and plucky Rivers.

The spectators soon saw that it was to be a two-boy contest, and that Snap Haley had at last met a player who would fight him to a finish.

Snap resorted to every guard-trick he had learned. He dodged and ducked, passed and counter-passed, but never succeeded in shaking off his rival.

Then Snap tried different tactics. He began to "play the whole game," paying little attention to his weak-kneed mates, and making every possible attempt to get the big ball and shoot it into the waiting basket.

The idea worked little better than the other; but at last he made a lucky shot, and the ball hurtled in.

Two minutes later Rivers accomplished the same thing, and the score stood tied.

"Snap! Snap!" yelled the crowd. "Remember those cheers! Play the game!"

Snap did remember the promised cheers, and he did play the game,—played as he never played before. He knew that every minute was precious, that every move must be made to count. One more basket, and he would be sure of victory, for time was nearly up.

He could hear the pat-pat of his own feet and the feet of Rivers. He could hear his own labored breathing, and now and then a gasp from his opponent. He glanced up for a glimpse of Rivers' face. It was wet and pale. "He can't last but a little while," thought Snap.

But just then Rivers got a better chance at the ball, seized it and went tearing across the hall, dribbling * rapidly.

Snap pursued, overtook him, and—

Why that sudden cheer from the crowd? Snap stared up just in time to see the ball sail out of Bertie's hands, spin to the basket and drop squarely in! Rivers had won!

The whistle shrieked "time up," and the shouting crowd surged onto the floor.

Snap scrambled under a tall man's legs, and edged away to the dressing-room. He

* Basket-ball term.

had a vague desire to edge out of the hall into the inky night, but he was too hot and tired to move. He sank down on a low bench and buried his head upon his arms.

Somebody threw a sweater over him, and he was vaguely conscious of familiar voices saying: "Never mind, Snap! You played a great game!"

But Snap cared nothing for the "great game" he had played. Great or poor, he had lost, and over and over he kept repeating:

"He beat me, and I've got to cheer him! He beat me, and I've got to cheer him!"

Snap bit his lip as he murmured the words, for they were very bitter.

"He beat me, and I've got to cheer him! *Got to?* Yes, *got to!* I said I would, and I'll—I'll keep my word!"

He staggered to his feet, rushed out into the crowded hall, and pushed his way to the group of players gathered in the centre.

"We're waiting for you, Snap!" they called.

Waiting for him? Then they knew he'd keep his word, hard as it was. They believed in him. That was good. It gave him courage.

Snap smiled, and throwing one arm over Tom's shoulder, and another over Hal's, he completed the little circle, and led the cheer.

"Three cheers for the Walk Overs! One, hurrah! Two, hurrah! Three, hurrah!"

"And now for Rivers!" shouted some one. Snap hung his head. Could he shout for Rivers?

Back came the self-made promise,—"I'll keep my word."

"Yes, now for Rivers," he muttered. Then, with sudden vigor:

"Hurrah for Rivers!
He's all right!
Who's all right?
Rivers' all right!
Rah! Rah! Rah!"

The cheers rang loud and long.

"Thanks," said a husky voice; and there stood Rivers, holding out his hand.

Snap grasped the hand, and shook it cordially. And, as the two boys stood there, hand in hand, the great crowd gave them a rousing cheer.

To Snap's humbled heart there came a feeling of relief,—almost of joy.

"My boy," whispered Mr. Lynch, as they hurried to the bath, "you won a better victory than Rivers did!"

"I think you're right," said Snap, "and I wish I had won it before!"

"Jimmy," said the teacher, "what's a cape?"

"A cape is land extending into the water."

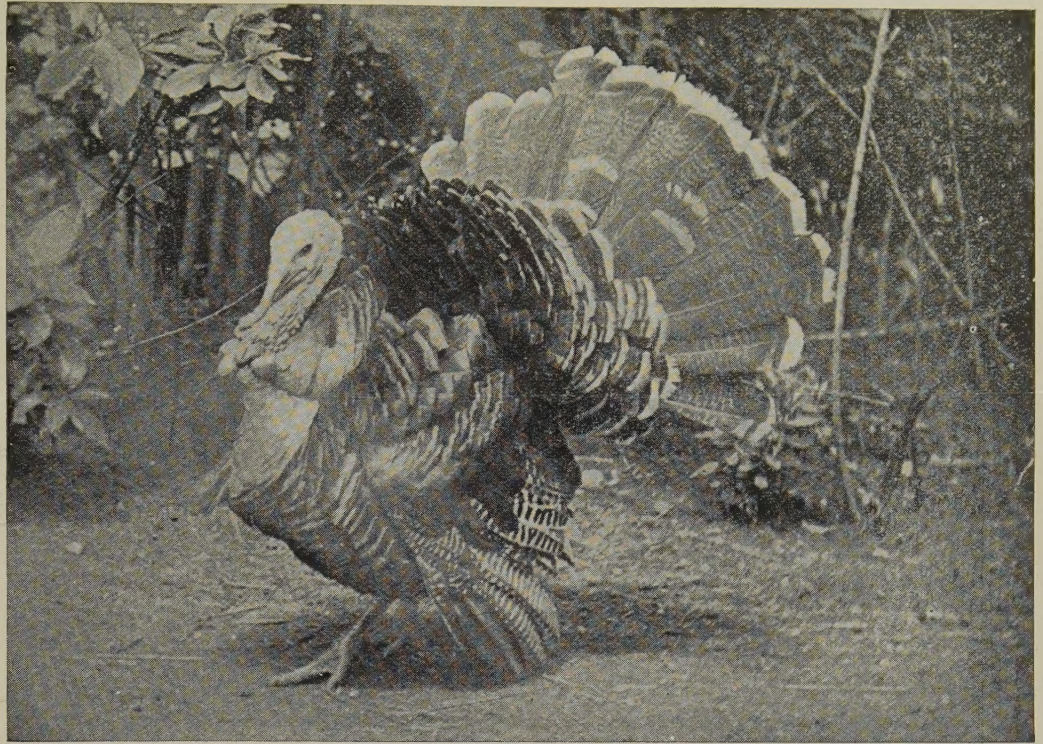
"Correct. William, define a gulf."

"A gulf is water extending into the land."

"Good. Christopher," to a small, eager-looking boy, "can you tell us what is a mountain?"

Christopher shot up from his seat so suddenly as to startle the visitor, and promptly responded:

"A mountain is land extending into the air."



THE NOBLEST OF THEM ALL.

Pilgrim Rally Hymn.

TUNE.—"Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

BY MRS. T. J. HORNER.

Forward, Pilgrim children!
Following the Right;
Seek the truth and speak it,
Know that right is might.
Upward look, not downward,
Forward and not back;
Ever with a ready hand
Helping those who lack.

Chorus.

We are Pilgrim children,
With our banner bright;
Forward is our watchword,
And our cause is right.

Love to God, our Father,
Have within your heart;
And unto your neighbor,
Act a brother's part.
Pardon all your debtors.
As you'd have them do;
Show them good for evil,
If they injure you.

Chorus.

The "Why" Habit.

BY M. H. GRANT.

When Peggy and Rose were very little girls, they had the "why" habit. When father or mother told them to do anything, they would invariably say, "Why?" Father often said: "Soldiers never ask why. They obey without asking the reason."

One day mother said, "It's such a nice sunshiny afternoon, let's take our lunch and go in the woods." Peggy and Rose were so overjoyed at the thought of a picnic that they forgot to ask, "Why?"

They made little, tiny, thin sandwiches and rolled them in waxed paper, tucked these with some fluffy sponge-cakes in a basket, and joyfully started out.

It was only a little way to the woods, and Peggy and Rose hopped and skipped merrily over the road, while father and mother walked behind, and presently they turned into the cool shade of the chestnut grove. Just beyond the woods was a high bank, along which was a railroad track, and Peggy said, "May we go and see if any trains are coming?"

Trains always had a great fascination for the little girls, so father and mother said yes; and they all went farther on and sat on a rock in the field, where they could see the train if it went by.

Presently Rose said: "Father, I see something moving on the bank, close by the track. What is it?"

And Peggy said, "Look, there are five, six, seven little animals there!"

Sure enough, there was a big, fat mother woodchuck and a family of little baby woodchucks, and they were running about over the bank and up and down the track.

"Probably some of the cars drop grain, and they are hunting for it," said father.

Suddenly the mother woodchuck sat up alertly and made a queer little noise. Instantly every baby woodchuck flew to her, and together they disappeared into their hole.

"Why," said Peggy and Rose together, "why did they do that?"

Father was silent. Not a sound was heard for several seconds. Then away off in the distance an engine screeched, then a rumble was heard nearer and nearer, and a train rushed over the track. After it was gone and everything was quiet, father said, "Did either of you hear one of those little woodchucks ask why they must go in when their mother called?"

And do you know that Peggy and Rose never asked "why?" foolishly again!

The Youth's Companion.

For The Beacon.

Saving a Prince.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

Once upon a time, long years ago, there lived a boy in a little cottage in an English village. The boy was very poor, and the cottage was very small and humble. His father was a farm laborer, and barely able to support his wife and their three children.

But this boy, in spite of his poverty, was always dreaming of doing great and good things. Many times had he lain under the oak tree in the lane, and planned to do some noble deed that would help somebody. He had heard of the knights who had set off on missions of daring on behalf of the weak and defenceless, and often he wished that he, too, were a knight.

One day while he lay in the shade of a hedge, thinking of the wonderful things that he might some time do, he heard a faint cry from the distance. Jumping to his feet, he ran in the direction from which it came. Again it sounded, louder than before, and apparently from the river that ran close by, near the walls of an old castle.

Reaching the bank, he saw a boy struggling in the water about ten feet from shore, and just about to sink. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the river, and in a very short time had the boy safely upon the bank. After seeing that he was none the worse for his wetting, he ran home to get dry clothing.

The very next day he was surprised to see, walking into the front yard of his father's cottage, a man in livery, who was evidently one of the servants in the castle near by. And he was much more surprised when he heard that the man bore an invitation for him to visit the castle at once.

Without knowing what to make of it, for none of the lads of the village had ever been asked to go to the great house, he set off with the servant. He was brought through the great front gates, through the wide courtyard, and through the big hallway into a room very much larger than the whole cottage in which he lived.

As he entered, the prince, whose castle it was, rose to meet him. He said, "My boy, I want to thank you for what you have done for me." And he shook hands with the surprised boy, who hardly knew whether he was awake or just dreaming.

Finally he managed to say, "Why, sir, I haven't done anything for you."

The prince responded, "Did you not save a boy from drowning in the river yesterday?"

And the boy said, "Yes, I helped a fellow who had got beyond his depth."

Then the prince said, "It was my son that you saved, and I want to thank you for your bravery in saving him."

When the boy left, he bore with him not only the thanks of the prince, but something that made every one in the little cottage feel very happy and very rich that night.

All I wish to say to the readers of *The Beacon* concerning this little story is that every boy has the same chance to do exactly the same thing. Every one of us may save the son of a prince!

Hardly a day passes but we are able to save some one from harm and injury. Every day some of our playmates get beyond their depth in anger, and it only takes a word from us to pull them back to the shore of safety.

And the poor upon the streets are always to be helped. There is always the chance to save somebody from pain or sorrow or

want. There are always those who are tempted to sin, and whom we may prevent from falling.

But we spoke of "prince's sons," and not of poor people. Are they not the same? Is not God the Father of all men alike? Was he not the Father of Jesus and the Father of that poor fellow you saw staggering along the other day? Is not God the King?

Then are not all men princes? This is the lesson that we need above all else to learn. When we learn it, this life of ours will become a life of wonderful chances and wonderful rewards.

Making Others Thankful.

Said old gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,

If you want a good time, then give something away";

So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price, And the shoemaker said: "What a big bird! How nice!

And, since such a good dinner's before me, I ought

To give Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, oh, see!" said the pleased Widow Lee,

"And the kindness that sent it how precious to me!

I would like to make some one as happy as I. I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

"And, oh, sure," Biddy said, "'tis the queen of all pies!

Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes.

Now it's my turn, I think, and a sweet ginger cake

For the motherless Finigan children I'll bake." Said the Finigan children,—Rose, Denny, and Hugh,—

"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice

To poor little lame Jake, who has nothing that's nice."

"Oh, I thank you and thank you!" said little lame Jake.

"Oh, what a bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake! And, oh, such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,

And will give them to each little sparrow that comes."

And the sparrows they twittered, as if they would say,

Like old gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,

If you want a good time, then give something away."

Little Men and Women.

Gratitude.

There is a beautiful little story in Emerson's recently published "Journals," of which his son, the editor, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, said the poet was very fond.

A certain widow was so poor that she eked out the one thin bed covering by laying an old door over herself and her little children.

"Mamma," one of the children said, one bitter night, "what do those poor little children do who haven't got a door to cover them?"

The Youth's Companion.

We are put into this world to make it better, and we must be about our business.

GENERAL ARMSTRONG.

RECREATION CORNER.

ARLINGTON, MASS., Oct. 20, 1911.

Dear Mr. Lawrence,—I have read your paper for a number of years under the title of *Every Other Sunday*, and am enjoying it just as much as *The Beacon*.

I am especially interested in the *Recreation Corner*, and have solved a great many of the puzzles. This is the first time I have taken the liberty to send some in, and I hope that they will meet your approval.

I hope to see Mr. Casson's articles in the paper this year, as I have cut the former ones out and pasted them in a scrap-book, which I should like to complete.

With kindest regards, I remain,

Your faithful reader,

MARION E. ALLEN.

ENIGMA XVI.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 13, 12, 10, 3, is a musical instrument.

My 5, 6, 11, 14, 8, is a Massachusetts city.

My 1, 2, 12, 5, 1, 7, 14, is a wild plant.

My 5, 4, 9, 12, 7, is to make useless.

My whole is a famous poem by Longfellow.

MARION E. ALLEN.

DIVIDED WORDS.

I.

123 45678 and strife, ere fairly begun,

Let them 12345678 your peace.

If this were the custom of every one,

How soon all quarrels would cease!

II.

Here's the message as 'twas sent:

"It is 1234567 to be seen, my dear."

Here's the message as 'twas meant:

"It's 123 4567 to be seen." How queer

The blending of two words in one

Such a difference should make!

Just one word, and we're undone;

Loss it means; we've cause to quake.

We read it over in affright,—

It's now two words, so all is right.

WORD SQUARE.

A point of land.

An expression of sorrow.

Is a father.

Was Jacob's brother.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 7..

ENIGMA XII.—Ornithorhynchus.

ENIGMA XIII.—Battle of Murfreesboro.

CITIES AND TOWNS.—1. Salem. 2. Bath. 3. Topeka. 4. Portland. 5. Lowell. 6. Cork. 7. Sandusky. 8. Belfast. 9. Moscow. 10. Fargo.

TWISTED MOTHER GOOSE FOLKS.—1. King Cole. 2. Margery Daw. 3. Simple Simon. 4. Cock Robin. 5. Miss Muffet. 6. Doctor Foster. 7. Tom Tucker. 8. Willie Winkie. 9. Tommy Snooks. 10. Humpty Dumpty.

THE BEACON.

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